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## CHILD'S RIDE ON BODY WRAPPED IN BLANKET.

### GRIM STORIES OF MOTHER'S GO-CART MURDER.

#### WOMAN SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.

One of the most gruesome and terrible stories ever heard in court was told at Glasgow when Mrs. Susan Newell, of Coatbridge, was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. She was recommended to mercy.

Her victim was John Johnstone, a little newspaper boy who, when delivering a paper at her lodgings, was trapped and strangled. Mrs. Newell's little daughter, aged eight, spent a night with the body, which she described as "a wee boy," while her mother taught her a false story of the murder which she was to tell the police.



John Johnstone.

Mrs. Newell's travels with the body wrapped in bed-clothes and carried in a go-cart, made a story of almost incredible horror and callousness.

Little John Johnstone's body was found tied up in a blanket in a Glasgow close after being wheeled about in a go-cart. He disappeared after going to Mrs. Newell's room to sell her an evening newspaper at lodgings in Newlands-st., Coatbridge.

Next day a lorry-driver gave Mrs. Newell a lift into Glasgow. She was carrying a bundle, and when she left the lorry at Duke-st., Glasgow, the bundle fell on the floor.

Thomas Dickson, the driver of the lorry, said that Mrs. Newell did not want him to help her when getting the bundle out of the lorry. He remarked to her: "You are in an awful hurry," when the bundle fell.

"I went up to put it right," he said, "and she knocked my hand away. 'Get on your lorry,' she said, 'I'll manage it myself.'"

Later witness saw Mrs. Newell wheeling the go-cart along the street.

Mrs. Elliott, of Duke-st., Glasgow, said she saw Mrs. Newell wheeling a go-cart in which was a bundle.

#### THE BUNDLE FELL.

The bundle fell, and Mrs. Elliott saw the woman trying to push a little foot into the front rail of the go-cart when she lifted it up. While she was doing this the head toppled over.

Witness saw the shape of the head under the cover, and the woman tried to tie it to the back of the go-cart.

When the prisoner entered a close, witness told a policeman that a woman had gone up the close with a bundle which she thought contained a corpse.

A constable called by Mrs. Newell coming out of the close. He took her back and discovered the body.

There was intense interest and indignation in Glasgow over the murder. Crowds attempted to get into the court and there was a rush by the public.

The most direct evidence was given by Janet McLeod, aged eight. She is the daughter of Mrs. Newell by her first marriage.

She said that when she went up to her mother's lodgings on the night of the tragedy there was a "little wee boy" lying dead on the couch.

Her mother told her to be quiet and tried to open the floor with the poker in order to put the body in.

Early next morning her mother wrapped the body up in bed-clothes, carried it downstairs and placed it on the go-cart. She then made witness sit on the top of the body and set off for Glasgow.

Witness admitted she had told the police that her father had choked the boy, but that story, she said, was not true. She had only told it because her mother instructed her to do so.

Mrs. Newell's husband, who was at first charged jointly with his wife, was discharged, as it was proved he was not in the house when the murder was committed.

Robert Johnstone, father of the dead boy, said his son disappeared on the night of June 20, while selling newspapers in Coatbridge. Next day he was asked to go to Glasgow, where he was shown the boy's body. Witness gave his evidence in a calm voice, until he came to describe the identification, when he broke down.

A poignant incident occurred when the mother of the dead boy was asked to identify the clothing he had worn. As soon as a jersey was shown her she sobbed bitterly.

It was urged by the defence that Mrs. Newell was insane when she committed the murder, but Professor Glasier said he could find no trace of insanity. Two other doctors gave similar testimony.

#### MYSTERY OF MOTIVE.

If a novelist had written such a story as was disclosed by the evidence, said the judge, the public would declare that it was quite incredible.

Mrs. Newell heard the sentence of death with apparent indifference.

The recommendation to mercy will be sent to the Secretary for Scotland.

It had been expected that the trial would lead to the disclosure of some motive for the murder, but this remains as mysterious as ever. The murdered boy had only tenpence on him when he fell into Mrs. Newell's hands.

It was shown, however, that the woman was needy, and that she had been drinking heavily.

After the murder she had taken the money from the boy's pocket, and bought beer, and some wine of a cheap grocer much used by those known as "finish" drinkers. It is said to have very strong effects.

Following the murder Mrs. Newell sat up all night schooling her little daughter as to what she should say if anyone questioned her about the murder. "Daddy did it," was the lesson she was taught in the dead of night, with the boy's body still in the room.

Mr. Newell, interviewed after the trial, said his wife had a terrible temper, and would take up a knife or hurl anything at anyone in a moment of anger.

## AGED WOMAN SEES 2 BOYS DROWN.

### CLAY PIT TRAGEDY. UNAVAILING EFFORT AT RESCUE.

Efforts made by Mrs. Baker, an infirm old lady, to rescue two boys who were drowning in a deep clay pit at Church Crookham, were described at the inquest yesterday at Aldershot.

The story was told by Dorothy Cranstone, aged 10. She said that Frank Hitchcock fell into the pond and his brother Harry, aged 15, at once jumped into the water, which was very deep, and tried to bring him to land.

Dorothy called for help, and Mrs. Baker, who was aged and infirm, went to the water's edge and tried her best to reach both boys, who were by now exhausted, with a long pole. She was too weak to do anything, however.

Mrs. Baker herself described to the coroner how she had to see the two boys drown while she stood on the bank.

The father of the two boys said he had often warned them against going to the pit, which had slippery clay banks, and was very deep. Still they and other children often went there to play.

In returning a verdict of accidental death the coroner said the parents had the satisfaction of knowing that Harry lost his life in a very brave attempt to save his brother.

#### PAPYRUS AND PIFFLE.

(Continued from Page One.)

matting laid down to see that it was not deficient in quality.

"You can believe what they say about my enjoyment of the evening meal; the hours of d'oeuvre especially were excellent."

"Yes, I had a good night last night; there is no truth in the rumour that



Mr. Ben Irish waves "Adieu and good luck" to Papyrus.

my rest was spoiled owing to my man having mislaid my bedclothes."

"At any rate," added the genial creature, with a hearty whinny, "there is no reason for me to lose any sleep over the fear of a 'hoax-tile' reception."

"By the way, I see it is stated that the special padding for my stall is that usually supplied for padded cells in lunatic asylums. I suppose they thought I was a bit of a maniac!"

"No, I haven't fixed up about my jockey yet; it will be either 'Steve' or 'Gardner,' I suppose."

"Hallo! There goes the bell to clear the course! Sorry you're a non-starter. Give my love to everybody and tell them not to mind my chaff."

#### MR. IRISH AND DONOGHUE.

The question of the choice of a jockey was discussed more authoritatively by Mr. Ben Irish, the owner of the colt, in an interview at Southampton after the departure of the Aquitania.

"I felt certain that Donoghue's services would be secured, but I am not so optimistic to-day," he said. "The obstacles in the way are much more difficult to overcome than I expected, and we are still in the position of not knowing whether Donoghue will be asked to go to America or not."

"A decision will not be arrived at until next Tuesday. If Donoghue does not ride Papyrus Gardner will."

#### AMBULANCE MEN PARADE.

Ambulance men and nurses belonging to the No. 1 (Prince of Wales's) District of the St. John Ambulance Brigade assembled in Hyde Park yesterday afternoon for the annual parade and inspection.

The nursing divisions were first inspected by Sir James R. Andrew Clark, the Chief Commissioner of the Order, and then the men. A march past took place by the companies, headed by bagpipers and pipers. Rain fell throughout the proceedings.

#### FIREWOMEN'S DISPLAY.

Lady firemen (or should it be firewomen?), wearing the regulation fireman's caps and smart uniforms, were a feature of the third annual Fire Tournament of the 2nd Division of the London Fire Brigade Association held at the Garam (G.E.C.) Lamp Works, Brook Green, Hammer-smith, yesterday.

A hose drill display was given by the women.

#### THAMES BRIDGE TRAGEDY.

A young woman, Miss Ethel Fisher, the 17-year-old daughter of a Blackfriars labourer living at Zang-st., Great Guildford-st., was seen to fall into the River Thames from Blackfriars Bridge yesterday. The river police were communicated with and a search of the river was carried out, but late last night the body had not been recovered.

## DEFIANT CAPTAIN FINED £100.

### PUT TO SEA WITH SHIP BADLY OVERLOADED.

For unlawfully allowing his ship to be overloaded, causing the load-line of the Pilsnoll mark to be submerged, A. Salvesen, master of the Norwegian steamer Alix, was at Tower Bridge yesterday fined £100 and 50 guineas costs. In inflicting this penalty, Mr. Waddy, the magistrate, said:

"The maximum penalty for this offence, under the Merchant Shipping Act, is £100; nor do I think it a penny too much. It is suggested, and the evidence discloses, a defiant attitude on the part of the defendant, and nothing has been offered in mitigation by the defence. The pilot threatened to leave the vessel and the captain, ostensibly, went ashore to see the ship's agents, but did not. Instead, he returned on board and took his ship out to sea in defiance of the Board of Trade officials and the warning of his pilot."

The load line was two inches and three-quarters submerged, and the vessel was overloaded by 50 tons.

Captain Bate, Board of Trade official at Blyth, Northumberland, went on board the Alix and told the master that he could not sail, and that some of the cargo must be discharged. The pilot, on learning the facts of the case, refused to take the vessel out.

Defendant, after a visit on shore, said: "I'm going to sail," and did so.

It was, said counsel, a serious attempt to evade the Board of Trade restrictions, properly imposed for the safety of human life.

Defendant paid the costs in Treasury notes, and the owners gave a cheque for the fine.

#### LADY LAMBOURNE.

### DEATH FOLLOWS ACCIDENT CAUSED BY A FALL.

The death was announced yesterday of Lady Lambourne, the second daughter of Sir John R. Milbank, 8th baronet. Lady Lambourne married Lord Lambourne (then Col. Mark Lockwood) in 1876.

Two months ago, while dressing at her home, Bishop's Hall, near Romford, Lady Lambourne slipped on a rug and fell, fracturing a thigh, and she had since been confined to her room.

She had seemed to be making good progress, but suffered a relapse on Thursday.

A few years ago, after she had passed the age of 70, Lady Lambourne undertook an aeroplane journey with her husband to France.

She was a friend of the late King Edward, who was often among her guests at shooting parties.

NEW STRIKE THREAT.

Objection to payment by results.

Proposals made by various borough councils in London to introduce the system of payment by results among their workmen is being resisted, and there are threats of a general strike.

Nine unions, having municipal employees among their members, were represented at a meeting of the National Federation of General Workers.

It was stated at this meeting that if the borough councils persisted in making alterations in the wages and hours schedule of the Joint Industrial Council there would be a general strike of municipal employees in the Metropolis.

Foliam, Islington and Hammer-smith borough councils have seceded from the Joint Industrial Council, and it is in these areas that the new payment proposals are being made.

London stonemasons are expected to go on strike to-morrow. It is an unofficial strike, and efforts have been made to induce other building unions to give their support.

The stonemasons are demanding an increase of 3d. an hour.

HUMAN DRAMAS: SIDELIGHTS FROM YESTERDAY'S POLICE COURTS.

Intentions?—Are you a married man? A witness was asked at Ealing. "No," was the reply, "but I have been buying second-hand furniture lately."

Fraud at 75.—Henry Wm. Sall (75), of Glenhorne-st., Walthamstow, was at Stratford fined £10 for drawing 2s. old age pension while earning £3 a week.

Proof!—In order to prove that her child was cared for, a Willenden mother presented in court two "highly commended" certificates from local baby shows.

Incorrect.—He hadn't any helmet on, so I told him he couldn't arrest me," said a prisoner at Tower Bridge Court.

Magistrate: "That does not appear to have been correct."

His Sanctuary.—A defendant at Willenden stated that his wife nagged him so much that he went to the police station and asked them to lock him up for the night, for fear that he might do her some injury.

"Deliberate Fraud."—Nothing but a deliberate fraud. I shall sentence you to six weeks' imprisonment," said Mr. Francis at Westminster yesterday to George St. Aubyn, of Pensonby-place, R.W., summoned for wilfully making a false statement when applying to the Guardians for relief.

Alderman's Warning.—After dealing with a number of cases of cruelty to horses during the week, Mr. Alderman said at the Guildhall, addressing the acting chief clerk, and he wished to give notice that if any more of these horse cases came before the court, he should require the direct representative of the firm to be summoned.

Anything for Peace.—The following dialogue took place between the Acting magistrate and an elderly man who applied for a summons against his brother for assault.—Magistrate: Any witnesses?

Defendant: My brother and I were together. The only witnesses who are likely to be called on the other side! Do you still wish for a summons?—Only to keep him quiet. Never mind what it is to be.—Process granted.

High Explosives.—"When you ladies meet, there is a great deal of material for a conflagration,"—Willenden magistrate.

His Lesson.—"Only once did I refuse to get up and get my wife's breakfast. It was a lesson for life," said a man in Shoreditch County Court.

Exploit.—Witness at Wood Green (dear-birding another man): He's a bad working woman who works when she is in work, but when she is out of work and can't work, although he wants to work.

Susman's Pistol.—Robert Frederick Harvey (24), seaman, of Custom-house, Custom House, was fined £5 at Willenden for having a pistol and two bullets without a certificate, and was bound over for assaulting his father.

Human Nature.—"Did you run away when the constable saw you?" asked the Clerk at Kingston of an elderly crippled man charged with larceny.—"Well, sir, I didn't exactly run, but I did my best to get away," replied accused, who added: "like any other man would, I suppose."

Off the Hook.—Out of work ever since he left the Army, William Grundy (42), painter, was bound over at Willenden for a charge of stealing a coat worth 45s. He took it from a book as he walked past a shop in Fleet-st. Many convictions for theft were proved against Grundy, who tearfully thanked the court.

Deaf and Drunk.—"I've been had for this before, but I told the magistrate I was deaf and they let me off," said a man when a policeman arrested him for drunkenness. At Tottenham he told the magistrate, "I'm stone-deaf and don't let people take the rise out of me." Magistrate: We shall take 10s. out of you.—He paid.

Emotional Patient Charged.—Nathan Armstrong, who is said to have escaped from Cane Hill Mental Hospital, where he had been on inmate for 15 years, was remanded at Highgate on a charge of stealing jewellery and clothing from the nurses' quarters. It was stated that Armstrong left the institution last December. Last week he returned and handed to the master a missing key.

## THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

Sept. 23 is the closing date for entries for the Middlesex Open Laying Competition, to be held at Hearn House Poultry Farm, Hayes, Middlesex, on Nov. 1.

Seven daughters are enough for most men.—Rev. W. R. Wilkinson (Primitive Methodist Book Steward), at Mansfield.

Well known to yachtsmen and anglers in Essex, the Ferry Boat Inn, Creeksea Ferry, has been destroyed by fire.

A five-year-old Buckhurst Hill boy, who has just started school, gravely told his mother that they had prayers, and the teacher had asked "How's father?" (Our Father).

Wasp's Victims.—Stung by a wasp, a horse overturned a trap at Hockley (Reds), and threw out Mrs. Roberts and her two children, all being injured.

Moon to Save Rates.—Faversham Town Council has decided to dispense with street lighting for seven nights during the full moon.

House Collapse Deaths.—There has been a second death as a result of the house collapse at Norwich, Fred Ling, one of the injured, dying in hospital. The other injured are progressing satisfactorily.

Road Hogs!—Complaint has been made of the danger arising from the excessive speed of big ships passing through Cowes Roads. The question has been referred to the Cowes Harbour Commissioners.

Died After Billiards.—Surgeon-Captain Edward O'Malley, R.N. (51), of St. Roman's-road, Southsea, died after finishing a game of billiards, at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Southsea.

Blood To Save His Daughter.—Sh. field tradesman, Mr. Joseph Hart, aged 19, by giving a pint of his blood for transfusion.

Fire at a Castle.—An outbreak of fire occurred yesterday in the Muniment Room at Lincoln Castle, containing valuable documents, some of which date back 500 years. Several documents were burnt or charred.

Landmark Threatened.—Martin Parish Church, Rugby, a well-known Warwickshire landmark, is in danger of collapsing. An expert is being called in to save the edifice, the tower of which is bulging nine inches.

Matinee For Scholars.—Three matinees of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given to school children during the Festival Week of the British Empire Shakespeare Society, which begins next Wednesday at Brighton.

Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Ltd., Jarrow and Hebburn, have received an anonymous letter containing £5 and the following message: "Many years ago, while in your employment, I took some articles to the value of fifty shillings, which I now restore with interest."

Killed in Lift.—A verdict of accidental death was returned at the inquest at Derby yesterday on John William Goode (45). The boy was found hanging in a lift-car with the weight pressing on the back of his neck, his spine having been broken.

## MONDAY IS FREE-DAY.

### HAPPY INNOVATION BY A THEATRICAL PROPRIETOR.

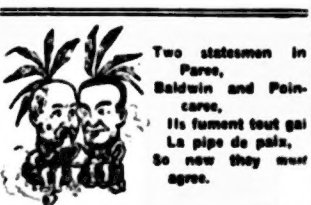
As most people know Mondays are the worst days in any theatrical week—even in London. This is more pronounced in the provinces.

Theatre managers, therefore, aim at filling their resorts on this day for the advertisement thereby brought.

Accordingly an ingenious innovation has been made by Mr. Peter Davey, the chief theatrical proprietor in Portsmouth. He has issued the following invitation for Monday nights:

"Every person on looking seats or paying admission to any part of the house will receive on application a second ticket for a friend. That is to say, two persons will be admitted on the payment for one. This applies to each theatre, and at the Kings and Princess to either the first or second house.

The experiment is proving a great success.



#### ABSENT WITNESSES.

Alfred Richardson, an unemployed labourer, was summoned at Brighton for obstruction by causing a crowd to assemble outside the Employment Exchange.

As soon as Richardson entered the box he complained that the police had sent away all his witnesses.

A police officer replied that such a crowd assembled outside the court that the police had to disperse them.

When Richardson's witnesses were called only three out of five answered. The magistrates adjourned the case for two weeks to enable all Richardson's witnesses to attend.

#### SUICIDE "A" PRAYER.

At the inquest on Mrs. Euphemia Emma Donoghue (63), widow, of Pitts-road, Tooting Junction, it was stated that she took her life while in the act of kneeling in prayer by the bedside. A silk scarf was fastened round her neck and attached to the bed-rail. She had suffered from sleeplessness.

A verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was returned.

CAUTION.—By buying British goods at the Peace Exhibition, you will be helping to build up our country.







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## POIGNANT STORY OF ONE-DAY BRIDE.

Mayor Haunted by His Dread of "Unfitness."

LEAP TO DEATH FROM HOTEL WINDOW.

THE suicide, the day after his wedding, of Mr. John Edward Freeman, aged 41, a successful solicitor and Mayor of Maldon, Essex, reveals a human tragedy which cannot fail to touch the hearts of all who read of it.

Mr. Freeman threw himself from a fourth-floor window at the Hotel Cecil, London, and at the inquest at Westminster the verdict was one of suicide while of unsound mind.

He had been haunted by his dread of his unfitness for married life.

A pathetic story was told to the coroner by the widow—formerly Miss Cecil Mary Baker, aged 25, daughter of the Deputy Mayor of Maldon.

Mrs. Freeman, who was dressed in black, with a long lawn coat, said that after their wedding she and her husband came to the Hotel Cecil, which was her choice.

After an evening at the theatre they retired to bed at midnight. Her husband was sleepless and dwelt on the subject of his dread of his unfitness for married life.

She endeavoured to console him. After breakfast on the following morning they were packing for Llandudno when her husband began to worry about not being able to find the keys of her trunk. She left the room for a few minutes and on her return she missed him, but found his wallet containing money.

She then discovered what had happened. Her husband, whom she had known for four years, was highly strung, very anxious over little things, over-conscious about his work, and had never been very robust.

He had, however, no ground for worry. In answer to the coroner, Mrs. Freeman said she and the mayor had been engaged since July 12.

The coroner: During your engagement had he spoken to you about some worry he had about his fitness for married life?

Mrs. Freeman: Not until about four days before the marriage.

Had he a sort of dread he was not fit for married life?—Only after that time.

On the night you were married would he be comforted or not on that subject?—He would cheer up and get rather melancholy again.

Mrs. Freeman added that her husband did not mention the subject next morning.

Mr. Freeman, added the widow, had nothing to do with the selection of a room on the fourth floor of the Hotel Cecil. They were going to Llandudno that day.

Mr. Horace John Freeman, of Maldon, cousin of Mr. Freeman and his



Mr. J. E. Freeman and his Bride.

partner in business, said the latter's financial position was perfectly sound. The coroner: Has he discussed marriage with you?

Witness: Only in that he said he was looking forward to it, and that his intended wife was "just the one girl."

The witness added, in reply to further questions, that Mr. Freeman at times got very depressed. His mother suffered from considerable fits of depression.

Mr. C. E. Jones (representing the relatives of Mr. Freeman): Mr. Freeman's mother was never certified, was she?

Witness: No, but she had two nurses to look after her.

Mr. Freeman's eldest sister was certified insane in January, 1918?—Yes.

And was a patient at Colchester Asylum, from which she was released in October of the same year and remained perfectly fit up to her death from cancer in 1922?—Yes.

Witness said Mr. Freeman's second sister, Mabel, had mental trouble and was for some months in Bethlem Hospital and was then removed to a mental hospital at Norwich, where she remained up to her death in January of last year.

Arthur Benter, a waiter at the Hotel Cecil, told a dramatic story.

He said that at about 10.30 in the morning he saw Mr. Freeman looking out of the lower part of the window of his room, where there was a 1 ft. 6 in. sill, and a 2 ft. 8 in. radiator. Mr. Freeman looked about, and then went back to the room.

"The next thing I saw," said wit-

ness, "was Mr. Freeman coming suddenly out of the window, resting his whole body on the sill, the body doubled up and the head on the chest. Then he went over head first. He struck the iron bars, shouted, and then fell to the ground."

The coroner said Mr. Freeman suffered from neurasthenia, the curse of modern civilisation. Among his worries was the idea that he was not physically fit for married life.

Mr. Freeman had been dwelling on this idea, with the result that his fears increased as regarded his capacity, and his nerves appeared to have given away.

He spoke to his bride about it before marriage and actually on the marriage night, added the coroner. "The bride is a sympathetic, considerate lady, and comforted him, treating him with great wisdom and consideration, but apparently he refused to be comforted and went on dwelling on this supposed or actual incapacity."

If only Mr. Freeman had survived for a few days, said the coroner, his nerve would probably have settled down and he would no doubt have led a happy and useful life, but as it was he was overwhelmed with a fixed idea which produced such a depression and horror in him that he certainly could not be said to have been responsible, at any rate at the moment, for what he did.

### FUNERAL SCENES.

ALL BUSINESS SUSPENDED AT MALDON.

All business was suspended for two and a half hours in Maldon yesterday afternoon during the church and burial service of the Mayor, Alderman John Edward Freeman.

The funeral service in the Church of All Saints was conducted by the vicar—Rev. J. S. Seymour—and the Bishop of Barking, who officiated at the wedding, read the lesson.

Flowers which decorated the church at the wedding service earlier in the week were laid round the altar and at the foot of the coffin, on which rested a magnificent wreath from the widowed bride.

Mrs. Freeman attended the service, and was assisted to a seat by her father and mother. She appeared to be suffering greatly.

The service was fully choral, and was largely attended. The main street of the town was densely lined with citizens.

Members of the fire brigade and of the police force attended the funeral, and the town council and other local bodies were represented among the mourners.

## MYSTERIES OF DEAD MAN AND BOY.

WOOD SECRET.

HINT OF DRAMATIC REVELATIONS

Carr's Wood, in the village of Northenden, near Manchester, is the centre of two mysteries concerning the strange deaths of a man and a boy.

The first victim was the boy, Percy Sharpe, 14, who, on September 4, was seen running out of the wood with wounds in the chest. He died next day.

Ten days later the body of Mr. S. L. K. Mattinson, a fire surveyor employed at the London Assurance Corporation, Manchester, was found on the railway near Carr's Wood, after he had been missing for some days.

In connection with the death of the boy, David Colthorpe has been charged with murder and remanded till tomorrow.

When the inquest on Sharpe was resumed at Stockport the coroner said the police had not completed their inquiries, but next Wednesday he hoped to conclude the inquest.

The remarks of the coroner, who is also conducting an inquiry into the death of Mr. Mattinson, suggest that remarkable revelations may come to light in the near future.

When adjourning the inquest on Mattinson he said the inquiry might turn out to be more than an ordinary case and that it was necessary for the police to investigate certain entries in Mattinson's diary which might have a bearing on the verdict.

The diary contained a list of Mattinson's engagements, but inquiries failed to show that he kept any of them.

### FATALLY SHOT AT FAIR.

Man Committed for Trial After Jury's Manlaughter Verdict.

A rifle-shot, fired on a shooting range at a Peckham fair, fatally injured Louis Weeks (45), and at the inquest at Southwark the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against William Lear, a barman, of Peckham.

Geo. Coomber, in charge of the shooting gallery, said that Lear, after he had fired the rifle, turned and said: "I didn't mean it for him (meaning Weeks). I meant it for my mate." Lear took deliberate aim at Weeks, he added.

Lear was committed for trial.

### A BIT STEEP.

Because she refused to take her turn in cleaning the stairs of the tenement property in which she lived, at Silkhurst, Sunderland, the magistrates yesterday granted an ejectment order against Bridget Conner.

## DON'T SUFFER FROM PILES! CURE THEM!

This can be done only by removing the cause. Years of scientific investigation and close observation by the highest authorities prove that piles are due to blood congestion, and a very simple and inexpensive treatment which will remove this congestion, and thus cure piles, hemorrhoids, and other rectal disorders, is readily procurable.

Proof can be produced to all who wish to see it that the treatment referred to—Nemolin—has given complete relief after all other remedies have failed.

Nemolin is soothing, cooling, antiseptic and absolutely non-irritant. It is sold by all chemists at 3s. 6d. per outfit, including special applicator, under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

NOTE.—The Manufacturers of Nemolin will forward, entirely free of cost, a large trial supply fully explained for a thorough test. And send a postal order addressed to the Chief Chemist, Dr. W. J. Laboratories (Dept. 117), 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

**BABY CARS from £2:19:6**

Direct from Factory On Approval. CARRIAGE PAID. RETAIL PROFITS SAVED. Cash or Easy Terms.

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**GODIVA CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. 13), LONDON, W.C.2.**

**AWL-U-WANT**

Patent No. 7952.

**AN INSTRUMENT OF THRIFT**

Repairs your own shoes, harness, etc. All ready for use. Price, complete with thread, 2s. Large size for heavy work. 4s. of all Leather Goods and Trunk-makers, or send Free from "AWL-U-WANT," 45, Castle Street, Long Acres, London, W.C.2.

**KEATING'S KILLS**

Bugs, Fleas, Flies, Beetles, all insects.

2s. 6d. 1/-

NEXT WEEK - The Merry and Popular Song, "WHOOPS-A-DAISY." Sung by the TWO GILBERTS - NEXT WEEK.

This Song must not be cut out and added separately from "The People."

## MARY

(IN THE DAYS OF THE CRINOLINE).

Written and Composed by

ERNO ELLIS.

**PIANO.**

*Moderato.*

Key C. (♩ 3/4)

Twas in a wedge-wood  
It chang-ed to a

Till ready.

gar-den, He was a cav-a-lier, Stand-ing 'midst the ro-see,  
pa-lace, Whilst cav-a-lier so bold, Is stand-ing with his ro-see,

Wait-ing for his dear; She came he-dock-ed in Crin-o-line, A-las, how the fash-ion  
As in days of old; She comes in la-tent fash-ion, But Ma-ry... just the

change name, And through the scent of ro-see, Ho-gen-ty calls her name.  
And o'er his red, red ro-see, He breathes that old sweet name.

Chorus 2nd time f

And it was Ma-ry, Ma-ry, In the days of the old crin-o-line, And it is

Ma-ry, Ma-ry, Now the new modes have come in; And it will

still be Ma-ry, No mat-ter how the fash-ion change, The

re-mem-is that Ma-ry Is a good old Eng-lish name. And it was name.



# AMUSEMENTS.

**L. THE REGATTA OF THE OPERA.**  
 L. THE REGATTA OF THE OPERA.  
 L. THE REGATTA OF THE OPERA.  
 L. THE REGATTA OF THE OPERA.

**MASSADORA, THE LADIES OF THE FIELD.**  
 MASSADORA, THE LADIES OF THE FIELD.  
 MASSADORA, THE LADIES OF THE FIELD.  
 MASSADORA, THE LADIES OF THE FIELD.

**WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.**  
 WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.  
 WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.  
 WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.

**THE BARRY WIDOW.**  
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# MUSIC, PLAYS & PICTURES

## SPLENDOUR, MYSTERY AND CRUELTY OF THE EAST.

### "HASSAN" THRILLS HIS MAJESTY'S AUDIENCE.

"Hassan," produced at His Majesty's, after being anticipated with so much interest and curiosity, has justified the highest hopes. James Kirov Flecker, the young English poet, who died eight years ago, caught the colour and fantasy of the East, as well as its cruelty, and wove them all into a poetic Arabian Nights' drama. This play his friend Basil Dean, promised to produce. He has fulfilled this promise in a wonderful way at His Majesty's.

There is beauty of colour and suggestion in his presentation. His spectacular effects are never overwhelmed with detail, and his scheme of things is akin to the Persian carpets beloved of "Hassan," richly mellowed and rarely beautiful.

There are scenes which remain stamped on the memory. Moonlight on the white walls of Yassin's house with its blue and green door and balcony; the rich colours of the Caliph's divan; the procession that precedes the tortured death of Raif, the King of Beggars and Pervaneh, the slave of the Caliph; and the final scene at the gates of Bagdad, when Hassan, the confessor, and Isahak, the poet, go forth on the "golden road" to Samarkand; "there to find the beauty they so long have missed—all these are beautiful, and wonderfully presented incidents.

That "Hassan" plays as well as it reads, and that its dramatic significance makes an outstanding appeal, are things to be recorded.

The music of Frederick Delius has many beauties. The ballet music, vigorous and buoyant, the unaccompanied chorus, the processional music, and the tender love interludes are cleverly written.

The acting is on the highest level, the male members of the cast especially distinguishing themselves. Henry Ainley as Hassan, Malcolm Keen as the Caliph Basil Gill as Raif, Leon Quartermaine as Pervaneh, and Edmund Willard as the negro executioner are all at their best. Laura Cowie as Pervaneh gave us a good idea of the ecstasy of love, but Catherine Webb's physique and modern methods handily served her well as Yassin, although she played her scene with the bloodstained negro with a full sense of its value.

It was a remarkable performance. No one with any imagination could forget the young dead poet from whose brain had sprung the beautiful "Hassan" drama. The presence of his widow and other relatives could not be ignored. Little wonder that Basil Dean broke down in his brief speech and that Henry Ainley could find little to say.

"Hassan" should be seen by everyone. It is far more beautiful than anything yet seen at His Majesty's, and its poetry is exquisite.

No praise is too high for the ballets so cleverly arranged by that great artist Fokine. The dances of the beggars and the divan scene has a ballet reminiscent of the vigour of "Prince Igor." These dances add considerably to the artistic value of the production.

### CROSSING THE STYX.

Although Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound," produced at the Everyman, concerns happenings after death, there is nothing eerie or gruesome about it. In fact, one laughs a good deal at the doings of the passengers, all of them dead, in what appears to be a modern liner bound on a journey across the dividing sea of human life and the beyond. The first act was full of humour but the second and third went to pieces rather badly. There was too much talk when the passengers met the Great Examiner, a cheery parson, in sun helmet and white ducks. But the first act, and the arresting idea of it all, made a great impression.

A better constructed balance might have made "Outward Bound" a fine, imaginative piece of work. Even as it stands, however, it is a remarkable play.

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The Embassy. All is in readiness for to-morrow's opening of the Embassy Theatre, the charming bijou house next door to the Holborn Restaurant. I gave full details of the novel entertainment devised by Mr. Herbert Cyril, which embraces the best and most exclusive films and an hour and a half's musical mixture by Arthur Davison, the prices ranging from five shillings to half a crown, and there are no irritating odds for entertainment tax.

"The Laughing Lady" at Wimbledon. Miss Marie Lohr is appearing this week at the Wimbledon Theatre in her Globe success, "The Laughing Lady," by Alfred Sutro.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell at Brixton. Mr. Patrick Campbell, the great creator of the character of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in the famous play of that name, at the Brixton Theatre. On Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Wednesday matinee Mrs. Campbell will appear in Sir Arthur W. Pinero's play, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings in "Magda," and Friday evening in "Up-lifted."

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## AUTUMN GOWNS OF GORGEOUS COLOURS.

### Season of Rich Greens, Browns and Reds.

#### By OUR WOMAN CORRESPONDENT.

WOMEN who revel in warm colours will have a fascinating range from which to select their new gowns this year. The prevalent shades for the coming season are rich greens, browns and reds, although the ever-popular black for evening and afternoon wear will still claim a large number of followers.

An inspection of the fashion displays in the West End revealed many interesting facts. It seemed as if the majority of English dress designers had returned from a visit to the Orient with minds so much enriched with what they saw as to produce creations unrivalled for beautiful splendour.

Some of these Eastern gowns are no more expensive than the orthodox kind. I saw some wonderful green dragons with red tongues, silver and golden tassels, and little silver knobs, all used as decorations on gowns of velvet, chiffon and various materials fashioned in the new sheath-like mode that will be popular this year.

The tendency of fashion is now to wear the garment with a well-defined natural waist, and the design is exceptionally becoming after a season of loose chemise frocks.

All the large stores have a wonderful range of coat-frocks and costumes in various colours, the most popular shades being almond green and russet brown. The full-length coat cut loosely at the hips with a fur collar seems likely to have a remarkable vogue.

For evening wear











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Ireland	Monmouth
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**THE NATION AND THE FARMER.**

Our farmers have put their backs up in real earnest, and none too soon. Agriculture, the Cinderella of British industries, has suffered too long at the hands of antiquated economists and professional politicians; it cannot go on living on promises made only to be broken and scraps fished out of the party nose-bag.

Do the Government and the nation want farmers to go on producing cereals or not? If yes, then the industry must be placed upon an economic basis; it must be made reasonably profitable. If no, then farmers will abandon the business of raising corn, lay their land down to grass, and concentrate upon cattle and poultry.

Like other men, farmers expect, and must have, an adequate return for money invested and for labour expended. The only alternative is the bankruptcy court. The pressing need of economic help for the farmer has been advocated by "The People" for years past, but practically nothing has been done in that direction, and nothing satisfactory will be done until farmers take united and determined action.

Therefore we welcome the action of the Council of the National Farmers' Union to force a decision so that they may know where they stand. Their industry is the oldest and ultimately the most necessary of all. It stood us in good stead during the war, and we never know how soon we may look to it again for salvation.

What will happen if England's broad acres go out of cultivation? Thousands of men, and women too, will be thrown out of employment and forced into competition with the workers of the towns. We shall be dependent for our daily bread upon foreign nations, and in danger of being starved into surrender in the event of war. We were within some three weeks of such a fate during the recent war, though the fact has never been popularly realised and the lesson of it never learned.

Agriculture must be saved, and the Government must save it; it can and must be done. If the agricultural labourers are wise they will make common cause with the farmers, otherwise they can hope for no improvement in wages at the best, and at the worst can expect no work at all.

It is not pleasant to contemplate the time when all our corn will have to be purchased abroad, with the result that the American exchange will be all against us as an addition to our present burden of debt and interest. The farmer is the traditional backbone of the Conservative Party; it will be well for that party if it now does something really tangible to help the farmer.

**UNEMPLOYMENT.**

The Cabinet Committee on Unemployment is about to resume its deliberations, and the progress made will be eagerly watched and keenly criticised. It is not too much to say that by a large section of the nation the Government will be

judged by the extent and promptitude of the remedial measures applied for dealing with this terrible evil.

For four years now the nation has suffered from abnormal unemployment—this will be the fourth winter, at any rate, and men are growing weary of it. The problem is a difficult one, but the solution of such problems is one of the chief duties of Governments. Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues cannot plead other pressing affairs, though there are plenty of them. The alleviation of unemployment is the duty nearest at hand—it must be dealt with vigorously and at once.

The dole system is an expedient, not a policy. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, boys and girls are drawing it, and have been doing so year after year. It is demoralising, because the continued receipt of public funds for doing nothing tends to become a habit, it impoverishes the nation, it is radically unsound from the economic point of view.

What is needed is an extension of the Government programme of relief works put in hand with the utmost promptitude. Be bold and ever bolder—that should be the watch-word.

**BRIDES BY POST.**

**Prizes and Surprises of the Matrimonial Lottery.**

Mr. Archibald Turner, of Cores End, Bucks, wanted to marry, so he asked the help of the Maidenhead Guardians to find him a wife. Through the publicity that resulted he received 2,500 applications by post. Most were from these islands, although some were sent from the Continent, and one by a Turkish girl in Constantinople.

Dashing the hopes of 2,499 girls of varying ages and sizes, Mr. Turner decided on a widow, aged 31, living at Lowestoft. Off he went—to return alone. He came to the conclusion that the match was impossible.

Yet another Briton has therefore found the brides by post notion a disappointment. The system, if one can call it such, is, however, popular on the Continent, especially in Germany. It is practised to a small degree in this country, but it has never flourished to any great extent.

**Sentiment versus Business.**

With us marriage is less a business partnership than it is on the Continent, and man and maid look upon it in a more sentimental light. Conditions are so different; the *dot* system is unknown, and the British girl resents the suggestion of mixing money and marriage, while the man hesitates to risk being called a fortune hunter.

If sweet young things shy at advertisement their elders are more venturesome. Perusal of the columns of the few journals published in England devoted solely to introducing the right man to the right woman lead one to surmise that there comes a time in the lives of more than a few men and women when they get tired of the wretched marksmanship of Dan Cupid and send out an S.O.S. in the hope that another lonely soul will answer it.

It is significant that practically all mention unromantic cash. Widows and spinsters seek husbands with incomes of from £250 a year to £1,000, and the men not only seek brides with capital, but also with handsome fortunes. One "agent" claims to have secured a £50,000 bride for a major, a £250,000 heiress for a baronet, and a £3,000 a year bride for a parson, so that a young married man reading these successes may be pardoned for wondering if he has not been rash in letting himself go for nothing!

**A Dash of Romance.**

The women are more anxious to get a bit of romance into the proposition, and stipulate "true gentleman," "clean-shaven," "courteous," and the like.

It is the modern girl who is the reason why this system does not flourish. She simply won't trust the post order idea, and prefers to make a man fall in love with her. That achieved she soon brings him up to scratch so far as marriage is concerned.

To advertise for a husband is to her a confession of failure to attract, and she would rather remain a spinster than make it. If she has money she would always suspect the motives of a man who answered an advertisement in which she stated her cash assets. To her the idea is ridiculous, and however lonely she may feel, she is always ready to empty the vials of her scorn upon older women who have advertised for a husband. S. H.

**RANDOM RHYMES.**

Those statesmen having met and parted,  
The quidnuncs once again have started;  
Some tell us all disputes are ended,  
The Anglo-French estimate is mended;  
I hope 'tis so, for all the nations  
Have had enough of strained relations.

Henceforth I hope we really shall  
Preserve the *entente cordiale*;  
Of wars we've surely had our fill,  
Enough to satisfy us till  
The crack of doom; now let it cease,  
The world's great need is perfect peace.

'Tis peace alone brings true enjoyment,  
And for the workers more employment;  
And peace is Britain's greatest blessing,  
Above all others worth possessing;  
Let Peace and Amity advance,  
Cry "Brave England!" "Vive la France!"

**TALK of the PEOPLE**

By WIDEAWAKE.

**Beautiful Sisters.**

Mr. A. Kinloch, son of Sir David and Lady Kinloch, has just celebrated his coming of age. Like his father, he is preparing to enter the Grenadier Guards through the orthodox front door provided by Sandhurst. At Eton Mr. Kinloch was a great athlete. He is keen about his profession and ought to do well. One of his sisters, the Hon. Mrs. R. Norton, is a Society beauty; the other, Miss Kitty Kinloch, will, I venture to prophesy, take London by storm when she comes out this winter.

**This Freedom!**

Mrs. Arthur James, of Coton House, Rugby, has returned from the Continent and gone to Scotland. In the county of Warwick Mrs. James is of considerable importance socially and politically. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Brinton, who was formerly Mrs. Willie James, is by no means unknown in royal circles. Curious! Like other very aristocratic persons in this country, the James family were born in and owed allegiance to democratic America. Oh! Land of Liberty, whose citizens only begin to feel freedom when they migrate from thy rule-bound shores!

**Tommy's Ruse.**

I heard rather a nice children's story the other day. Mother had taken Tommy to church. The sermon was wending its weary way towards its inevitable half hour. Tommy leaned over the pew and held out his hand, and was promptly reproved by his indignant mother in a whisper. The erring infant repeated the offence. Mamma became inquisitive as to the reason of her urchin's behaviour and asked him why he would persist in holding out his hand. The reply was to the point: "Mummy, I've pretending to be a policeman, and I'm holding out my hand for the clergyman to stop."

**Ben Voyages.**

Lord and Lady Stradbroke have just left London on their return to Victoria, his lordship's term of office having yet a couple of years to run. A number of friends assembled at Victoria Station to see them off to Toulon, where they are to join their daughter, Lady Helena Rous. There they will embark on the s.s. Orsova. A pretty presentation was made to them by the tenants before they left Henham Hall, consisting of a silver-mounted inkstand constructed of the fore hoofs of the noted horse, *Scotie*, which was given to them many years ago as a wedding present by Lady Stradbroke's brother.



Lady Stradbroke.

**The Equable Spaniard.**

I wonder whether it has occurred to you how similar we are in many respects to the Spaniards. They are going through very serious troubles, but they remain quite calm and orderly. No one can be more bitter about the political conditions of his own country than a Spaniard, and yet at heart he loves his fatherland and is proud of it. Don't you recognise the likeness?

**And His King.**

Alfonso XIII. of Spain has been King for more years than any other living monarch, except Prince John II. of Liechtenstein, who acceded in 1858. His Spanish majesty is in every sense of the word a great King. He trusts

his people and loves them, and they return the compliment. I must confess to a sense of great respect whenever I have seen the truly royal bearing of Don Alfonso in his own country and among his subjects.

**More Candid the Better.**

The Imperial Conference will soon be taking place, and delegates from our Dominions will be exchanging opinions and transacting real Empire business. Do not be surprised if they have some candid things to say about Imperial Foreign Policy. After all we are the greatest nation in the world, though no one in Continental Europe has been allowed even to suspect it. I fancy that the delegates from Overseas have not travelled thousands of miles just to say polite nothings.

**A Great Organiser.**

By the way, Sir Howard D'Evillie will be getting very busy. He is the honorary secretary of the Empire Parliamentary Association, whose business it is to keep members of the different Imperial Parliaments in touch. Sir Howard is, I think, the most pertinacious organiser I have ever met, and the association owes its important position very largely to his energy. So get ready, you members who have large private houses, your hospitality will certainly be in request!

**Wake Up, Mr. Baldwin.**

The critical situation of the farming industry has been made abundantly clear by the National Farmers' Union and the Central Landowners' Association during the last week. There is no doubt about it that unless the Government can see its way clear to give very definite assistance to this all-important industry, the towns will be flooded by even larger numbers of unfortunate men vainly looking for work. Incidentally also, the Conservative Party will suffer through the neglect of its own chief supporters.

**It Must Come.**

The force of circumstances is driving this country towards Protection. Exchange abroad and decaying industries at home will surely sweep away all the old academic arguments upon the subject and compel us for the sake of our own bread and butter to do what every other nation of any importance has done years ago—give our industries a fighting chance.

**Voice of the North.**

Already Yorkshire is calling for Protection. Lancashire will not be long in following suit. The Nottingham lace and embroidery trades have put their case before the Government committee appointed to inquire into the matter. And what a tell-tale case it is! The yearly output, which was valued at nearly nine millions in 1920, has fallen to well below three millions. French industry has benefited owing to the exchange. I wonder whether Mr. Baldwin thought of mentioning this, among other similar facts, to M. Poincare at lunch the other day.

**A Sporting Duke.**

The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, cousins of the King of Spain, are at present visiting this country. The last time I met the Duke was out duck shooting in Mexico. He is an exceedingly good shot, but I was not altogether enamoured of his shot gun, which was of Continental make and fashioned rather like a large revolver.

**Had Plenty Left.**

That day in far-off Mexico nearly proved to be my last. The Belgian Minister, who was of the party, was a keen but inefficient shot. While we were walking towards lunch the Minister, a charming but rather stingy man, accidentally let off his gun and nearly put the charge into my unworthy head. He hastened to explain to me, however, that I should not

**The Hefty Bishop—Voice of the North—Tommy's Ruse.**

worry because he still had quite a number of cartridges left and was not going to allow his day to be spoiled by the loss of one cartridge. I forget what I replied.

**The Hefty Bishop.**

I see that the Dean of Durham, Bishop Welldon, has been making some remarks to the British Association about the subject of education. He ought to know, for at one time he was Headmaster at Harrow, though (let us whisper it softly) he was educated at Eton. Eton and Harrow may disagree about most things, but they both admire the great hefty man with the appearance of a prize fighter and the disposition of a saint.



Bishop Welldon.

**We Want to Know.**

I gather that the conversation of the two Premiers has certainly put the French into a good temper. So far, so good; but it is a little difficult for those who are directly suffering owing to the reparations deadlock to throw their hats up into the air and cheer. A definite solution of the problem is worth more than many a cordial conversation. But let us at any rate know what is the Government plan.

**Eastern Europe.**

The other day I met Sir Harry Brittain, and Mr. P. J. Hannon, who have just returned from a trip through Eastern Europe. I gather that these genial members are as popular in Latvia and Lithuania as they are in their own constituencies. They have at any rate one good bit of news. These little Republics are apparently doing well. Anything that tends to bring peace, prosperity and good order into Eastern Europe is to the advantage of this dear old universal-providing country of ours.

**A Chat with Stresemann.**

Mr. Hannon, by the way, took advantage of his stay in Berlin to have a heart-to-heart talk with the German Chancellor, Dr. Stresemann. And the things the Birmingham M.P. had to say, and the blunt and breezy way in which he said them, would have warmed the heart of Ole Bill himself.

**His Hobby.**

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, so I learn, is happily engaged digging in his garden near Mayfield in Sussex. Like his father, Mr. Chamberlain has never been addicted to sport, not even golf, so popular among the more elderly and rotund of politicians. Gardening is the right honourable gentleman's hobby. If only he might work in the Government garden and dig up some of the comestible poppies which are threatening to choke it!

**Bolshevik Limpets.**

How absurd it is to retain a system of Trade Delegations with Russia. No member of our own Trade Delegation at Moscow can proceed a yard from his office without being followed by a swarm of evil spies. As for the Russian Delegation in England, no wonder there is competition in Russia to join it! A bright Bolshevik can make quite a tidy private fortune out of the appointment, declaring lustily all the while, "To hell with the capitalist!"

**Primitive School Mistress.**

I wonder what the Dean would have to say if he were cognisant of the giant strides made by education in the Bahamas. It was only the other day that I heard of a report rendered by an Education Inspector about a little village school in an out-of-the-way district. The inspector regretted that he could not furnish any accounts for the school in question, because he found that unfortunately the schoolmistress could neither read nor write.

**Scotland Yard Scores.**

It is quite usual to hear criticisms of our police force and the efficiency of Scotland Yard. Personally I think our police force is the finest in the world. An incident occurred just recently proving the latter view. A friend of mine and his family have just returned from a seaside holiday in France. While out sight-seeing, my friend had his wallet stolen with all his money. He reported the matter to the local prefect of police and his officials, but got no satisfaction. He wrote Scotland Yard, who replied by express letter that it was outside their jurisdiction, but they had a liaison officer at Ostend and had communicated with him. Within a few hours this officer turned up and went into the matter with my friend and the French police. Within a few hours the culprits were caught.

**—and Mr. Law!**

Even from his earliest days, the art of public speaking has been sedulously fostered by Mr. Bonar Law, the ex-Premier, who will be the recipient of many congratulations to-day on the attainment of his 65th year. For several years he was a member of the Glasgow Parliamentary Debating Society, but although in this and in his subsequent days of Westminster he attained to much *bonny* and matter-of-fact precision in his speeches, he was never regarded as a particularly graceful speaker. He tells a good story against himself concerning his maiden speech in the Commons. With feverish haste he looked up the papers next morning, but all he saw was that "the debate was continued with characteristic dulness by Mr. So-and-So, and Mr. So-and-So, and Mr. Law."

**CIGARETTE PAPERS.**

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.  
By the Lounge.

WE have had to learn so many new names and to adjust our leaving-school ideas of geography to so many new frontiers and nationalities that it is excusable if one sometimes gets momentarily confused over such places as Yugo-Slavia, Czechoslovakia, Trans-Jordan and the like. (I am personally convinced that the craze started when we changed Petticoat-lane into New Middlesex-st. It is easier to start these movements than to stop them.)

The port of Fiume, which has been the scene of another gesture by Signor Mussolini, should be well used to the ups and downs of political life by this time. The port of Hungary on the Adriatic, it was destroyed about 700 by Charlemagne, and then began changing its name with the ease of a film-scene. It was called *Vidopoli*, then *Ovisia*, *Sancus*, *Vida ad Fiumen*, and afterwards *Fiume*. It was captured by the French and taken from them in 1813 by the English, who gave it to Austria in the following year. It was transferred to Hungary in 1823 and handed to the Croats in 1868, and was returned, like a Ford to its owner, to Hungary in 1898.

In 1877 a new port and railway were constructed and it remained comparatively tranquil—save for disastrous floods in 1896—for a breathing space.

Then came the Treaty of Rapallo and the declaration of Fiume's new dignity as a Free State. In the somewhat electric atmosphere of Balkanias, however, Free States are morsels for which many mouths water.

Professor Depoli, the provisional President, probably kept a suitcase packed in readiness in case he became *deposé*, as the French so charmingly put it; he resigned with grace on the appointment of the Italian General Gaetano Giardino as Military Governor, and doubtless congratulated himself on being able to do so in one piece.

Quarter-day presents terrors more or less great to most of us when we think of the bills we shall have to meet, but Professor Depoli declared that by the end of the month the Government would be utterly without funds. "Fiume shall live—I am here to ensure it," said the new Governor magnificently.

The ratapoos might be excused for asking, like *Henry V.*, "Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die!"

**WHEN a distinguished Thibetan visitor remarked:**

"*Ha, goon, lad, London's a funny place, the town!*" he was perfectly right.

A friend of mine crossed from Bologna the other night and arrived at his club (in the neighbourhood of Whitehall) shortly before midnight. His room was ready, but the grill-room and the dining-room were closed, and he could get nothing to eat. He went out, seeking what he might devour, and after half an hour's fruitless and meatless search he asked the advice of a policeman.

"Well, sir," replied the officer, "there's only one place I know of in London that's sure to be open—in fact, it's open all night—and that's—in Coventry-st."

And there, sure enough, he was kindly entertained and promptly fed. Another friend went to meet his wife and family, who were returning from a holiday at the seaside. They arrived, train-weary and hungry, in the small hours of the morning at one of London's biggest railway termini.

Desiring to nourish them withal, he led them with cheerful noises to the refreshment room.

Never mind; London's the financial centre of the world, and Britons never, never shall be slaves—even if you can't buy chocolates after nine o'clock.

**THE experiment by which Spain will**

be governed for a time by General Primo de Rivera and nine other generals is an extremely interesting one. I need hardly say that my old friend, Colonel Buff Orpington, was delighted when I told him the news. "Be glad, sir," he said, "now you can see how soldiers can run things; they're not hampered by the wretched little politicians in black coats. The new Prime Minister'll teach 'em parliamanners be glad!"

Oddly enough, the Colonel's prediction has already been verified, if private information which I have received may be relied on.

At the first meeting of the Cabinet the generals, having numbered off smartly from the right, took their seats, and the Prime Minister directed the trumpeter to sound "Orderly clerks."

**The first to enter was the civilian**

Chief Clerk to the Treasury. "Worthy Primo," the clerk began, when the Prime Minister interrupted him sharply.

"Curse! Don't call me that," he shouted. "I'm not a Buffalo."

"Pardon, Excellency," stammered the unhappy fellow; "I was confused for the moment."

"Stand to attention," said the Prime Minister. "Look straight to your front. Now, and don't fidget with your hands. 25,000 look here: I want you to send one, *practically* to each of these officers. Oh, and the same to my quarters. Oh, and the Cabinet's memo-bills will in future be borne by the Treasury."

"Excellency—"

"And their wine accounts, too," added the Prime Minister.

"Excellency, Excellency," screamed the wretched man, "not that! The Treasury would have to file its petition!"

The Prime Minister rang his bell. "Sergeant of the Guard," he said, "take the prompt decision of a soldier, take this man out and shoot him. Next business."



JOHN BULL'S CHILDREN: "rather! Why haven't you got something to keep the rain off?"



## ROMAN TEMPLE MYTH.

### A VERY MODERN "RELIC."

#### SECRETS OF "BEEVERS." BURIED GROTTO.

THERE is ground for believing that the "underground temple" discovered at High Beech, Epping Forest, is by no means as ancient as was at first supposed. There is the charge made to view it, and tea can be obtained on the premises.

About a year ago Mr. J. Cross, a retired mariner, who has travelled round the world many times, visited High Beech, a hamlet in the depths of Epping Forest.

At Lippett's Hill he noticed a stone structure in the garden of a dilapidated house, which belonged to Messrs. McMullen, of Hertford, and subsequently he and his partner, said to be a Mr. Copeland, became interested in this desolate old place, locally known as the "Beevers," so called after its eccentric resident who died a few years ago. The correct name of the house is "Lippett's Hill Lodge."

Mr. Cross secured a three years' lease of the premises, and is now established there as a caterer for the needs of the many visitors to London's playground.

Thinking the grotto in the garden might prove an attraction, Mr. Cross cleared away the debris, and as a result a remarkable discovery was made, a structure being revealed of such a design and nature as to suggest to anyone unacquainted with its history that it was a relic of antiquity.

From extensive inquiries which I have made (writes a special correspondent of "The People"), it appears that the mystery building is a two-chambered underground structure, the lower part of which is at present full of water. The building originally had a finely executed dome of ringed stone, surmounted by a stone cross beautifully carved, the whole at first sight bearing a striking resemblance to a small Mohammedan temple.

#### MOZAIC.

This dome, unfortunately, has been broken in, and the cross has disappeared, even before Mr. Cross's occupation of the premises. The first of the underground chambers, about 20ft. in depth, is reached by a winding flight of stone steps. The chamber is built chiefly of huge blocks of stone, some of which weigh quite half a ton.

An entrance to a subterranean passage has been discovered, and excavations are proceeding. It is thought that this passage will lead to the remains of the house some 75 yards distant.

The interior of the chamber, which has been cleared of water, contains some beautiful work, a portion of the ceiling forming a representation of the Mosaic work. In one corner of the chamber there is a replica of a burial niche in the catacombs, and a dome which indicates a knowledge of Roman architecture on the part of the builder.

There is also a stalactite grotto, but damage has been done to this part of the structure, and much of the imitation stalactite has been broken off. The lower chamber has yet to be explored.

Actually the structure was built about fifty years ago. Lippett's Hill Lodge formerly belonged to a retired builder and stone-quarry owner named Beevers, who had travelled extensively, and being possessed of considerable means, decided to settle down to build this underground structure, and model it along the lines of the architecture he had seen in the course of his wanderings.

All the stone used for the work was quarried from Mr. Beevers's quarry to London, whither it was carted to High Beech by the late Mr. William Lane, whose niece still lives in the district, and who acted as her uncle's clerk, making out cartage accounts against the late Mr. Beevers.

#### 40 YEARS UNOCCUPIED.

For about 40 years, although fully furnished, Lippett's Lodge was unoccupied.

When Mr. Beevers left the neighbourhood the estate was placed under the management of Mr. S. Miller, of New Kent-road, S.E., and on Mr. Beevers's death a few years ago the place was bought by Mrs. Langdon, the niece of Mr. Lane. Mrs. Langdon then sold it to Messrs. McMullen, who let it to Mr. Cross and his partner.

The most ancient discovery in connection with the place was made in the early hours of yesterday morning. It consisted of a rusty old iron chest, which, according to Mr. Cross, was dug up in the cellars of the house. The mystery box was of massive design, and for several hours defied all efforts to open it. Then it was found to be empty.

Lippett's Hill Lodge was originally, it is stated, a private lunatic asylum, and the discovery of two rooms fitted with steel shutters may have some connection with the building's original use.

#### SUPERSTITION DEFIED.

Secretly Bride Attired in Green at Marriage to Peer's Son.

Lady Idina Gordon, sister of Earl de Warr, defied superstition by wearing a dress of almond green at her marriage at Kensington Register Office to the Hon. Jocelyn Hay, son of Lord Kilmarnock.

The bride, who was formerly the wife of Captain Charles Gordon, arrived ten minutes late at the register office, and the bridegroom anxiously descended the stairs to look for her.

## CHEAPER THEATRE SEATS.

### LONDON MANAGER'S LEAD TO HIS RIVALS.

There is good news for theatre-goers. Commencing to-morrow, substantial reductions will be made in the prices of seats in all parts of the New Oxford Theatre, which is controlled by Mr. C. B. Cochran.

This is a lead to other West-End theatres, initiated by Mr. Cochran, who for some time has been endeavouring to ascertain the feeling of the theatre-going public regarding existing charges.

The alterations will be as follows, exclusive of tax:—

	New.	Old.
Stalls	10s.	12s. 6d.
Parterre Stalls 5s. 9d. (no alteration)		
Circle	7s. 6d.	8s. 6d. and 12s.
Gallery	3s.	3s.

In addition there will be pit seats, the charge for which will be 2s. 6d., exclusive of tax.

Mr. Edward Laurillard, who is producing the new revue at the Little Theatre, expressed the view that at West-End theatres the top prices should be as follows:—

	s. d.
Stalls, including tax	10 6
Circle " " 1st 2 rows	7 6
Circle " " other rows	5 6
Pit " "	3 0
Gallery " "	1 3

He is of the opinion that people cannot afford to pay the big prices demanded.

Mr. Nigel Playfair, who is responsible for "The Beggar's Opera" production, believes there are certain theatres where the prices might very easily be lower. "I have always run my theatres on cheap prices and I have found that it pays," he said.

#### DRURY LANE GALLERY.

Sir Alfred Butt and Mr. Arthur Collins state that there is no truth in the rumour that the gallery for the first performance of "Good Luck" at Drury Lane will not be available to the public.

They consider that the gallery audience is as just and fair in its judgment of shows as the audience in any other part of the house.

#### M.P. IN MOTOR SCENE.

P.C. EJECTS WOMAN FROM CAR OF MR. E. STRAUSS.

Mr. Edward Strauss, M.P. for South-west (North), had to call on a policeman to eject a woman named Ellen Ellerton, of South Kensington, from his motor-car. As a result she assaulted the constable who took her from the car, and was charged with this offence at Marlborough-st.

Mrs. Ellerton said that when the constable asked her to leave the car she replied, "No, certainly not. This is a friend of mine. I am going to stay in the car."

Mr. Strauss, in the witness-box, said he did not invite the woman into the motor-car.

Mrs. Ellerton: I went to ask Mr. Strauss if he would see me. Mr. Strauss, the magistrate, said the court was not going into her private affairs, and fined her 5s.

#### COUNTRESS'S GHOST.

HAMPSHIRE VILLAGES AGOG WITH EXCITEMENT.

Excitement over the appearance at Havant and Emsworth of the ghost of Bere Block Dell has not subsided. Many people say they also saw the apparition.

It is now suggested that the ghost is that of Catherine, Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Cardinal Pole, who about the year 1530 lived in a moated castle that stood near the vicarage.

When Cardinal Pole criticised Henry VIII. for his divorce of Catherine of Aragon, the Countess was taken away from the castle, confined for a time at Midhurst, and afterwards executed on Tower Hill.

#### BOGUS INSPECTOR.

Man who Called to "Examine" as Ag'd Widow.

Carrying an official-looking bag and a book under his arm, a man about 55 called on an aged widow who lives over a shop in Cowick-st., St. Thomas, Exeter, and said he wished to examine her regarding her pension.

On being told that the examination must be "full and complete" the woman demurred, but the man persuaded her of his bona-fides, with the result that she undressed and allowed him to conduct his "examination."

On leaving the stranger promised the widow a fee of a shilling, which he said was always paid in connection with these examinations. The shilling did not arrive, however, and the police are now looking for the man.

#### DEATH OF AN M.P.

Mr. C. Harvey Dixon, who Represented Rutland.

Mr. Charles Harvey Dixon, M.P., died in the early hours of yesterday at Oakham Cottage Hospital.

He was operated upon a month ago for internal trouble, and his condition had since been regarded as hopeless. He was Unionist M.P. for Rutland and Stamford Division, and previously sat for the Borough of Preston.

Mr. Dixon, who was 62, was a keen follower and member of the Cottingham Hunt. His wife is the daughter of the late Mr. Peter Robinson, founder of the famous Oxford Street business.

The figures at the last election were: Dixon (C.), 10,275; F. Eccles (Lab.), 7,236; E. Clarke (Agric.), 4,671.

#### MOTOR-BUS CRASH.

Several persons narrowly escaped serious injury yesterday when a motor-bus skidded on to the pavement in Marylebone-rd., N.W., and crashed into the railings of Park Square-gdns.

A woman and two children had to run to safety. The bus was badly damaged and the passengers were thrown from their seats. Only one woman complained of injury.

## MADAME FAHMY ON BEAUTY OF ENGLISH GIRLS.

### HER FUTURE AND "PRINCE'S" FORTUNE —"WEST AND EAST CAN'T MIX."

#### EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE WIDOW.

Yesterday the beautiful Madame Fahmy—who is slowly recovering from the effects of her terrible ordeal at the Old Bailey—granted an exclusive interview to a special representative of "The People."

While her heart went out in thanks to the great host of English folk who have sent her touching messages of cheer—incidentally, she paid a tribute to the beauty of English girls—the widow of the vicious "Prince" Ali Kamal Bey Fahmy could not refrain from discussing the great tragedy which has shattered her delicate frame. She is longing for the day when, happily her own self again, she can return to her beloved France—to forget all and to live life afresh.

Madame Fahmy emphasised the folly of the marriage link between East and West—the bitter experience which has been her lot. She is too distracted to think of any fortune which her Oriental husband may have left her. In any case, she has no desire to enjoy it. It will help her to provide comfort and happiness for her daughter.

#### (By OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.)

I hesitated to disturb Mme. Fahmy at her London hotel in view of the wrought condition which she is in, but she was so glad to meet me, in spite of her illness, that I felt she would be offended had I neglected the chance, on behalf of the readers of "The People," to give her a word of sympathy and encouragement in her great ordeal.

"You may stay with me for five minutes," she said, in her delightful French.

"I am thoroughly ill. I have a bad cold—and am so tired. No wonder you Englishmen are so strong. You have to be, to withstand your capricious climate."

The widow of the Egyptian "Prince," who met his fate at the Savoy Hotel on the night of the worst storm in our history, was resting on a couch. She was covered with rugs and looked very worn.

Giving me her tiny hand, she invited me, with a wan smile, to sit and talk to her.

Her room was glowing with colour. There were the choicest of flowers everywhere—a tribute from the enormous number of her compatriots, as well as English folk, who did not hesitate to show their sympathy in her trying hour.

"I am very grateful for all the good wishes I have received," she said, pointing to the fragrant blooms in her room. There were many maseots, too, sent by people of all classes as a magic talisman.

#### NOT LEAVING LONDON—YET.

Madame told me she is not leaving London yet.

"My doctor absolutely forbids me to travel, and so I must be patient," she said.

"My dear sister, who is as anxious as I am to return to France, is staying and looking after me."

"Look," said Madame Fahmy, a moment later, pointing to a heap of letters on the table.

"I receive so many letters, from all kinds of people, wishing me happiness in the future that I need no books to pass the time. My friends read them to me, and translate them, although many are in French—such quaint schoolboy French, some of them."

Madame Fahmy's face showed vivid signs of pain as she discussed with me the great religious sacrifice she made as the result of her romance with the "Prince" of luxury and debauchery.

"My reflections make me very sad," she said. "It was a terrible thing for me to become a Moslem."

"I was a good Catholic, but I loved Ali, and no sacrifice seemed too great for me. If only I could have foreseen..."

Her wonderful eyes grew dim with tears as visions arose before her of the dreadful past.

"I am afraid of what our Church will say," she murmured.

Madame Fahmy pointed out the folly



Mme. Fahmy photographed at her hotel.

of marriage between East and West. "Marriages of this kind can hardly ever turn out happily," she said. "There may be exceptions, but we of the West think so differently from those of the Orient."

"I was fascinated by Ali, and loved him, and yet I hesitated—but that is the story you know so well now."

"Only when I thought him ill—dangerously ill—did I decide to go to him, and when one loves, monsieur, one does not weigh the consequences."

Madame Fahmy spoke of the splendid encouragement she had received from many unknown English women and girls in all stations of life.

#### ENGLISH GIRLS' BEAUTY.

"I had seen so little of your English girls before the terrible tragedy," she said. "I much admired their lovely complexion and their reserved bearing, though I thought them beautiful, but cold. Now I know I was mistaken."

"They are like the mountains that look cold and stately with the white snow on them—white, like their English skin—but they are full of fire."

When the possibility of her receiving a large fortune from her husband's estate was broached, Madame Fahmy said the subject was painful and distasteful to her.

"For myself," she said, "I do not think of it. Perhaps for my daughter."

As I bade adieu to this pathetic woman she sank back with a sigh among the luxurious cushions on her couch.

Mme. Fahmy's Signature.

#### SAWDUST B.A.T.

Ingenious Device that Led to Woman's Arrest.

An ingenious device which gained the commendation of the magistrate was exhibited at Old-st. Police Court yesterday when a woman pleaded guilty to stealing a cardboard box containing a valuable tapestry from the premises of Jeremiah Rotherham, at High-st., Shoreditch.

It was stated that there had been a number of thefts of boxes from the counter near the main entrance. A box was filled with sawdust and made to look like an ordinary parcel, and a wire was attached to an electric bell. The woman was remanded.

They came to wed; The bride she said She'd like to talk it over.

But soon that bride Was satisfied, The knot was tied, And now they are in clover.

TAILORED BY THE LONDON TAILOR.

Tale of Patchwork to Increase Postal Order Values.

Police at Lincoln yesterday arrested a man for an alleged offence in connection with postal orders. He is a tailor by trade.

He is said to have attempted to obtain, by an ingenious method, more money than was represented by the correct face value of the orders.

It is alleged that over the original words and figures he placed invisible patches on which were printed higher values, and then tried to pass the patched orders.

#### RUNAWAY VESSEL.

Engineer Found Unconscious After Strange Mishap.

The motor-vessel Louisa, belonging to the Wootton Trading Co., when entering the commercial harbour at Portsmouth with a cargo of sugar, collided with and sank a barge, and then collided with the cable bridge.

The captain, just before the accident, had rung down to the engine-room for the engine to be reversed, but the order was not carried out. Going down to the engine-room, the captain found the engineer, Frederick Hallam (35), of Wootton, Isle of Wight, lying unconscious.

After being taken to hospital, Hallam recovered and explained that the engine misfired, and when he went to remedy the defect the exhaust joint flew out. He remembered nothing more.

#### LIFE IN EASY STREET.

Women Read in Bed, while Men Whistle for Money.

"As I go round the quarter where these people live," said the relieving officer to Plymouth Guardians, when an unusually large number of young men and women applied for relief, "I find the young women in bed reading penny novelettes at 11 o'clock in the morning, while their men folk go about the streets with tin whistles and make easy money."

The Lady Governor of the Board (Mrs. Wyatt): And one can't get domestic servants!

No fewer than 2,632 persons were granted out-relief.

#### FOR "BAXPENCE" P.

Wearing kilts, walking backwards, with a perambulator tied to his wrists, a gallant Scot, from Kilmarnock, is trying to walk 1,000 miles in this uncomfortable manner.

He was last seen trundling along the steep hills of Stamford, Lincolnshire. There is, of course, a wager involved.

## CHILDREN CARRIED THROUGH FIRE.

### PLUCKY RESCUES FROM BLAZING SHOP.

Two children who were in peril in a fire at Hull yesterday were bravely rescued by two men at great risk.

The fire broke out in the shop of Mr. Isaac Bilband, fancy draper, and the children's escape was cut off.

Seeing the children's danger, John Chaplow and Tom Brown went through the burning shop and brought them down to safety.

Exciting scenes occurred at a fire in Adelaide-cres., Hove, on Friday night. The house, which is owned by Mrs. Hamilton, is let to Sir George Harvey.

Hardly had the outbreak been noticed when the whole of the roof was ablaze, and the Hove brigade were unable to deal with it.

Brighton brigade arrived with its new 70ft. turntable water tower and escape and prevented the spread of the fire.

Women in adjacent houses crowded to the windows and shrieked for help. Others ran into the street, and refused to return home till yesterday morning, after spending the night with friends.

#### 63 MARRIES 21.

POPULAR SPORTSMAN AS BRIDEGROOM.

Sporting and other circles in Bath were much interested yesterday on learning that a well-known townsman, Mr. William Bateman, proprietor of the Castle Hotel, had been married.

Mr. Bateman, who is 63, had been a widower for some years. He is one of Bath's keenest sportsmen.

His bride is Miss Edna May Butson, whose address is given as Cavendish-place, Bath. She is 21 years of age.

The utmost secrecy was kept to the last, and there were only the necessary witnesses present at the office of the registrar, where the marriage took place. Mr. and Mrs. Bateman lunched after the ceremony at the Grand Pump Room Hotel.

#### DERELICT HOUSES.

ANOTHER RATE ORDER AGAINST MISS APPELVAD.

The piling case of the three derelict Bath mansions owned by the missing Miss Appelvad was recalled at Bath County Police Court yesterday when, in her absence, an order was made on her to pay £12 rates.

This sum will be added to the accumulated arrears. The police stated that as nobody was living in the house, the summons was served by posting it on the door.

#### AN IRISH MATCH.

SIX CASUALTIES FOLLOW A FOOTBALL MATCH.

Six casualties, two of whom were treated in hospital, were "scored" at a football match at Ligoniel, near Belfast, yesterday afternoon, when, following an altercation between two of the players the spectators invaded the pitch.

In the free fight which ensued stones and other missiles were thrown, and the game had to be abandoned.

### How to fold a Serviette

## OMO

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SNOWY linen is as necessary to the full enjoyment of a meal as the sauces and condiments which give relish to the appetite—and the linen is snowy where Omo is used, for it is a specialist in making linen really white.

Omo removes tea, coffee, and fruit stains. It makes the linen as dazzlingly white as though it had been bleached in the sunshine. Omo contains all the bleaching qualities of pure country air, but the clothes must be boiled to make its oxygen properties fully effective.

NOT FOR COLOURS; WOOLLENS OR FLANNELS.

Life the Omo is a small box with a red and white design. The box is made of cardboard and is very strong. It is the best of Omo for all kinds of linen, and it is the best of Omo for all kinds of linen. It is the best of Omo for all kinds of linen, and it is the best of Omo for all kinds of linen.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

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## THE WEEK'S WORK IN THE GARDEN.

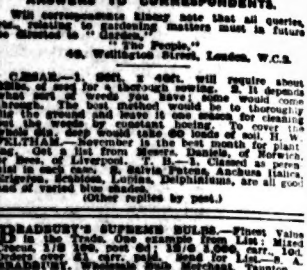
## When to Gather the Autumn Fruit Harvest.

country, either by the auction room or other channels.

They are ideal in shape and colour and very pleasing to the eye when purchased, but there is one advantage, for our skill is entirely different, and unless a lot of skilled care is expended on them they fail to establish themselves, and in a season or two are dead.

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BEST Substitute for Stable Manure; suits all crops; can be used with every confidence. Most cautious grower. Salts, 4 1/2 cwt. @ 7/- 2 1/2 lbs. @ 1/- 1 lb. @ 1/6. Ground Garden Lime, cwt. 6/- screened Gas Lime, cwt. 8/- Bone Slag, cwt. 7/6

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APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS,**

1/2 doz. Pres. Ham from from 3/- each. Bones, Bush  
 1/2 doz. Standard Bones 8/6. Climbing Bones 10/-  
 Full Weeding Bones 3/-. Raspberry Canes 1/6 doz.  
 Currants 3/- Gooseberries 4/6 doz. Strawberries 4/6  
 per 100. All kinds of plants 6d per lot. Cabbage  
 plants 100 1/- Wallflowers 100 1/6. Pansy Col-  
 lection 12 for 1/- Extra for carriage, please-  
 d. for our list. Special offer, Quick 100 for 6/-  
 1/2 doz. for 1/6. Bulb Catalogue 12s Hyacinths  
 1/6 per doz. 1/6. Crocuses, 3/6. 100 Iris, 2/6  
 100 Anemones, 3/6. 1000 per doz.

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**THE OPEN ROAD.**  
Picturesque Routes for

**Picturesque Routes for  
Autumn Rides.**  
By "Wheeler."  
Lighting-up Time To-day, 6.27 p.m.

**I**T does not look as if we are going to have many of those glorious autumn tints this year. The prolonged drought has had a bad effect upon the foliage, which is falling off dead in its green state owing to lack of moisture. In the Thames Valley, however, where the



however, where the earth is charged with water, things are different, and a visit may well be paid to the Clifden Woods at Maidenhead and the Quarry Woods at Mar-

low, both of which in a week or two will be at their best.

Meanwhile the autumn show of flowers in cottagers' gardens is surprisingly good, and if you want to see these at their

over Newlands Corner to Esher, and Albury to Dorking. The cottagers in this part of the world seem to lay themselves out on autumn flowers, and it is astonishing what a riot of colour can be obtained from asters, polychrocks, dahlias and sunflowers. These villages are at the present time well worth a visit.

A correspondent writing to me on the subject of touring asks whether I recommend a tour should be, as far as possible, over a flat country, avoiding all hills. I am afraid I cannot entirely subscribe to this doctrine. The flattest part of the country known is in the Lincolnshire Fen District. I am bound to say that when touring there

found it very monotonous, and although the landscape had a curious charm reminding one of Holland, I am not anxious to re-visit that part of the country. On the other hand, too many hills make touring a trouble. Take Kent, for instance, with its perpetual half-mile rises and half-mile descents, with hardly any tableland

Personally I prefer a give-an-take road with a fair amount of level. Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire are my favourite counties in this account. You get hills, some of them pretty bad, but you also get a proportionate amount of level ground. An

Gloucester as the weather has been during the past week or two we must in the nature of things look forward to riding on the wet and muddy roads, and it is therefore as well to overhaul the winter equipment and have it ready to bring into action as

on as the real autumn weather starts, for  
take it that the number of people who  
swap their machines so soon as summer  
is over is very few. If you have your  
autumn and winter equipment all ready to  
take into use, you do not hesitate about  
beginning riding.

This equipment, of course, means the

hooded mud guards, roadster type in place of spruced ones, a reduction of gear and gear-case of sorts. For the rider it means leather waistcoat, spats to cover the shoes, an-riding stout gloves, and an oil-skin cape cover. The ordinary waterproof raincoat is most instances has been in vogue since the summer.

**A GOOD CYCLING CENTRE.**  
The great Roman road from London through Romford to Chelmsford has several advantages, among them an impression is conveyed to the cyclist beyond Brentwood that he is forever going slightly downhill. This, of course, is not actually the case, as the road is level, but the impression is that it is.

The road through Fading Forest and Birch-  
barkswill Mill to the Great Bear country.

Chelmsford is a pleasant old town, with a interesting Shire Hall; at the Garrison's

and Truller is said to have written  
and directed at "Barnes Town."























